

# **TAYLOR TIM**

**by Michael Stephan**

**There is one brute that I do fear,  
And have since I was born,  
He is no monster, beast, or man,  
But leaves his prey forlorn,  
His name is dark as dark is dark,  
His face is worn as worn.**

**He goes by scores of names you see,  
Though none can placate him,  
Some call him "Hated," "Dingy Dean,"  
And others all too grim,  
My elders thought it was most right,  
To call him "Taylor Tim."**

**The one thing larger than his claws,  
Is his vast apatite,  
His thirst for human misery,  
Is always at its height,  
Beware old Taylor Tim, my friend,  
He may haunt you tonight!**

**His feet are echoed step by step,  
With his six feet, he walks,  
His fur is smoke that is so thick,  
It hides him while he stalks,  
Fear his fangs, and snapping teeth,  
Which click like tiny clocks.**

**No man can hide from his torment,  
No soul has salvation,  
From pharos, lords, and business men,  
To slaves of each nation,  
The legacy of Taylor Tim,  
Scares each generation.**

**He squawks and snaps at each poor soul,  
Leaving him white and cold,  
His friends and folks will weep and weep,  
As they grow old and old,  
And tell the tale of Taylor Tim,  
The dreariest tale told!**